575 The societies known as Little Birds, Mosquitoes, and
[883] Doves are not really bands of the All Comrades, but are societies among the boys and young men in imitation of the
[178] *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, but of comparatively recent origin. Men not more than fifty years old can remember when these societies came into existence. Of all the societies of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, the Sin'-o-pah, or Kit-fox band, has the strongest medicine. This corresponds to the Horns society among the Bloods. They are the same band with different names. They have certain peculiar secret and sacred ceremonies, not to be described here.

The society of the Stum'-iks, or Bulls, became obsolete more than fifty years ago. Their dress was very fine,—bulls' heads and robes.

575 The members of the younger society purchased individu-
424 ally, from the next older one, its rights and privileges, pay-
432 ing horses for them. For example, each member of the Mosquitoes would purchase from some member of the Braves his right of membership in the latter society. The man who has sold his rights is then a member of no society, and if he wishes to belong to one, must buy into the one next
[887] higher. Each of these societies kept some old men as members, and these old men acted as messengers, orators, and so on.

575 The change of membership from one society to another
[344] was made in the spring, after the grass had started. Two, three, or more lodge coverings were stretched over poles, making one very large lodge, and in this the ceremonies accompanying the changes took place.

575 In later times, the Braves were the most important and
625 best known of any of the All Comrades societies. The members of this band were soldiers or police. They were the constables of the camp, and it was their duty to preserve
689 order, and to punish offenders. Sometimes young men
522 would skylark in camp at night, making a great noise when

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

857 233 care of the family horse herd. The boy herder rose before daylight to go after the horses in their night pasture and drove them to a near-by lake or stream for water. Then he drove them to good pasturage near camp and returned home to breakfast. He watched the grazing herd during the day and drove it to water at noon and again in late afternoon. Toward evening he drove the herd to night pasture and hobbled the lead mare to prevent the herd from straying.

883 231 Boys who had lots of nerve began to break horses for riding when they were twelve or thirteen years of age. The easiest and least dangerous way to break broncs was in a pond or stream. Two boys rode double on a trained horse, leading the bronc by a rope or halter. They rode into the water until the bronc was up to its shoulders. Then the front rider held the lead rope close to its chin while the other boy climbed on its back. The lad on the trained horse quickly passed the rope to the bronc rider. As soon as the bronc felt the weight of the boy on his back, he began to jump and buck, but as soon as his head got wet, he quieted down. He tired quickly, and the boy rode him out of the water. If the bronc still showed a lot of spirit it was led back into the water again for another session.

At other times boys led a bronco into a muddy or swampy area to break it. Then one of them jumped on its back. When the horse tried to buck, its feet sank into the mire. If the rider was thrown, he would not be hurt. The horse's spirit was broken before it could get out of this boggy training ground.[9]

883 [224] [231] Orphaned boys could find homes with wealthy families by looking after the large horse herds and assisting in the hunt. All boys began to hunt buffalo calves in their early teens, and not long thereafter they graduated to hunting adult buffalo and some of them began to join horse-raiding parties. Only the sons of wealthy men could look forward to a good marriage before they had begun to accumulate a herd of their own horses.

[575] [561] [432] In their late teens a group of young men banded together to purchase membership in the lowest of the graded men's societies

[9] Ewers, "Horse in Blackfoot Indian Culture," B.A.E. *Bull 159*, 60–64.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

at the tribal sun dance encampment. They selected a leader, who presented a pipe to the leader of the society. Each of the other youths gave pipes to other members of the society. If the pipes were accepted, the petitioners were expected to make other gifts of horses and valuable goods to those who relinquished their society membership to them and who taught them the ceremonial procedures of the organization. It was usual for societies to sell out to a group of younger men every four years.

There were seven of these age-graded men's societies among the Blackfeet in 1833. The youngest group was then the Mosquitos, the oldest the Buffalo Bulls. Two decades later the Bulls Society among the Piegans had become inactive on account of the death of many of its older members, but a new society, the Pigeons, or Doves, had been added to the bottom of the series.[10]

Because members of these societies belonged to different hunting bands, they were only active during the summer season when the tribal camp was organized. At that time the head chief called upon one or two of the societies, usually the younger of the mature groups, to police the camp and the tribal hunt. In the sun dance camp each society performed its peculiar ceremony. Collectively, the men's societies were known as the All-Comrades.[11]

There was another and even closer relationship between boys of the same band, that of partners. Two boys of about the same age became close companions. They played together as children, helped each other in courting girls, went to war together, and offered advice and assistance to each other whenever it might be needed. If a young man was wounded in battle, his partner risked his life to carry him to safety and stayed behind the rest of the war party until the disabled man was able to be helped home. In many instances this close friendship and mutual assistance between partners continued through the rest of their lives.

[10] Maximilian, *Travels*, II, 112–17.

[11] Clark Wissler, "Societies and Dance Associations of the Blackfoot Indians," American Museum of Natural History *Anthropological Papers*, Vol. XI, Part 4, 361–450. Includes detailed description of specialized paraphernalia and ceremonies of each society.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

on the other side of it. The winner took the loser's top as a forfeit. 524

Another top game was played on smooth river ice, substituting round stones about the size of a man's fist for the wooden tops. Two boys started their stones spinning rapidly, then whipped them together as hard as they could. The boy whose stone cracked the other one or continued to spin the longest after the collision was the winner.

When it was snowing, boys and girls enjoyed sliding on the river ice. They ran and, as they began to slide, started to repeat the phrase, "Man, it's sure true." They tried to say this phrase (in Blackfoot, of course) as many times as they could before they came to a stop. When there was snow on the river ice, girls cleared a long path in a large oval. Sometimes it followed the river around a bend and back. Then the best "skater" started sliding over the ice on moccasined feet. The others fell in behind. Round and round they skated, vying with one another to see who could go the fastest. 526

On clear, cold, moonlight nights boys and girls gathered on the river. Boys sat on their rib-bone sleds and the girls pulled them over the ice. At other times boys broke off chunks of ice or sat on old metal frying pans while they held the girls' dresses and were pulled about on the river ice. Then boys took turns pulling the girls.[8]

As boys and girls grew into teen-agers, they gave up children's amusements, but they did not abandon their love of sports. Young men and women played a kind of shinny, called "batting ours," with a hair-stuffed, skin-covered ball about the size of a baseball and curved sticks of wild cherry. On a field of play more than one hundred yards long there was a goal at each end marked by upright stakes about four feet apart. There were usually ten to fifteen persons on each side. To start the contest, the ball was tossed into the air at midfield, and play continued [883]

[8] John C. Ewers, "Some Winter Sports of Blackfoot Indian Children," *The Masterkey*, Vol. XVIII, No. 6, 180–87.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

224 231 rubbed on their ropes. (A description of their methods appears on p. 274.) [81]

BREAKING HORSES FOR RIDING

231 492 The great majority of horses owned by the Blackfoot were put to use as riding or transport animals. Most families owned too few horses to permit the reservation of more than one stallion and young, unbroken colts as nonworking range stock. Wealthy men could afford to keep numbers of animals solely for breeding and future trading [492] purposes. However, even those owners possessed many more well trained animals than were needed to provide an adequate supply of riding and transport horses for their immediate families, for it was common practice for rich men to loan trained horses to the less for- [43] tunate for the latter's use in hunting and moving camp. Unbroken broncos sometimes were given as presents. However, if the recipient was a poor person, a child, or an older man or woman the gift horses generally were trained ones.

Light boys in their teens broke yearling colts for their own use. Most horses broken for riding purposes were trained during their second or third year.[82] Mares as well as male horses were broken for riding. In fact some mares were used as buffalo runners and race horses.

231 492 883 Although it was customary for a young single or married man to break his own horses, teen-aged boys broke those belonging to the older members of their families. Boys with plenty of nerve began breaking horses at 12 or 18 years of age. Others did not try it until they

[171] [81] The Plains Cree also had little success in capturing wild horses, or in keeping them alive once caught (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 196). The apparent ineptness of the Cree and Blackfoot in this undertaking is in striking contrast to the skill of some central and southern Plains tribes. Descriptions of their well-organized horse-capturing expeditions are numerous in the literature. Two methods seem to have been much used: (1) lassoing with a running loop and (2) approaching the wild horse with the open lasso loop fixed to a long, forked stick, and dropping the noose over the running animal's head and neck. The Long expedition found that the Kaskaia (Kiowa Apache) were expert in "throwing the rope" in taking wild horses in 1820 (James, 1823, vol. 2, p. 114). Catlin fully described and pictured Comanche use of the lasso for this purpose in 1834 (Catlin, 1841, vol. 2, p. 58). Smith met members of a Cheyenne party who had successfully lassoed 200 wild horses, in 1840 (Smith, 1918, p. 278). Denig described Brule Dakota lassoing of wild horses on organized expeditions in the second quarter of the 19th century (Denig, 1961, p. 198). However, Barrett's data from Rosebud Reservation in the 1940's, indicated that the Brule employed the forked-stick method, and Grinnell (1923, vol. 1, pp. 291–295) also attributed use of that method to the Cheyenne. Perhaps some tribes employed both techniques. Dorsey (1896, p. 231) wrote of the forked-stick method in use among the Omaha.

[171] [82] Limited comparative data suggest that it was usual Plains Indian practice to break horses for riding at an early age. The Hidatsa broke them at 1 to 2 years old (Wilson, 1924, p. 159). The Ogiala, according to Eagle Bird, broke them before they were 3 years old. Enoch Smoky said the Kiowa broke their horses in their first to third years. In contrast, the Spanish-Mexicans in California in the middle 19th century allowed their horses to run wild until they were 4 or 5 years old before breaking them to the saddle. They seldom broke mares, and considered it a disgrace for a man to ride one (Denhardt, 1937, p. 18).

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

were in their middle or late teens. A few fellows were afraid to break horses, and never did.[58] The Blackfoot-owned horses usually were halter or hackamore broken before they were broken to ride.

Four methods of horse breaking were employed by the Blackfoot tribes. Each method was described by four or more informants.

FIGURE 6.—Breaking a bronco by riding it in a pond or stream, Blackfoot.

POND OR STREAM BREAKING

(FIG. 6)

Sometimes a group of boys went to an owner of a large herd and asked him if they could break some of his colts in the water of a nearby pond, lake, or stream. If the owner consented, he pointed out the animals they might break and warned them he would not be responsible if any of the boys were hurt. Sometimes boys took colts from a man's herd without his permission and broke them in the water. When the owner learned what they had done he gave them a good tongue lashing.

Weasel Tail described this method:

I have broken horses in a stream. It was an easy way to break them. Two boys rode double on a trained horse, leading the bronc by a rope or halter into

[58] Among the Hidatsa "colts were broken by boys fourteen to seventeen years of age" (Wilson, 1924, p. 151). Tixier, in 1840, reported that the Comanche compelled their male prisoners to train those horses that were reputed untamable (Tixier, 1940, p. 270). Of course, many Comanche prisoners were Mexicans, who were expert horsemen.

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9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

231 the trimming with dirt and water, and rubbing the strong-odored concoction on the noses of both animals. Other owners mixed some manure of the gentle mare with grass and rubbed it on the nose of the new horse. Then in a couple of days the two animals would stay together without tying. This treatment also was employed to accustom a horse obtained as a gift or in trade to the new owner's herd.[87]

WOMEN ON HORSE-RAIDING EXPEDITIONS

701 462 It was not uncommon for a childless young woman to accompany her husband on a horse raid. Weasel Tail explained, "My wife said she loved me, and if I was to be killed on a war party she wanted to be killed too. I took her with me on five raids. Some of them I led, and my wife was not required to perform the cooking or other chores. She carried a six-shooter. On one occasion she stole a horse with a saddle, ammunition bag and war club." He recalled three married women who had taken guns from the enemy while on war parties with their husbands. Two of these women were Piegan, one Blood. Elk-Hollering-in-the-Water, a short woman of very slight build, told me she had taken objects from the enemy while on raiding parties with her husband, Bear Chief, a Piegan. The most famous Piegan woman warrior of the 19th century was Running Eagle, subject of J. Willard Schultz' book, "Running Eagle the Warrior Girl" (1919). She was known to some of my informants as a leader of many successful horse raids who was killed while attempting to take horses from the Flathead.[88]

BOYS ON HORSE-RAIDING EXPEDITIONS

702 883 James Doty (1854, p. 7), in a brief description of Blackfoot horse raiding, written a century ago, stated, "In one of these parties are generally found 3 or 4 young men, or mere boys, who are apprentices. They go without the expectation of receiving a horse, carry extra moccasins and tobacco for the party, do all the camp drudgery, and consider themselves amply paid in being permitted to learn the science of horse stealing from such experienced hands." According to informants these boys were 14 or 15 years of age. Younger boys were considered too great a risk. They might, through carelessness, endanger the lives of the entire party. The boys performed the duties

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[171] [87] The Puyallup-Nisqually introduced a new horse into a herd by dampening "scales from above the first joint of its leg" and rubbing on the leg of a horse to which it was tied for the night. "After that the new horse would not wander" (Smith, 1940, p. 36). I have found no comparative data on this point from other tribes.

[171] [88] Denig (1868, pp. 64–68) has recorded the biography of Woman Chief, the outstanding woman warrior of the Upper Missouri. Gros Ventres by birth, she was captured by the Crow as a child. She led a number of successful Crow war parties before she was killed while on a visit to her own people, the Gros Ventres, in the early 1850's.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

of cooking, carrying wood and water, and carrying the men's (or at least the leaders') packs. Sometimes they were permitted to hold the horses cut loose from pickets when the warriors brought them out of camp. Sometimes they assisted in running off grazing horses outside the camp. Experienced men took pains to point out to them how the raids should be conducted and why they employed the tactics followed on these expeditions. The boys gained much valuable information by watching the skilled actions of their elders. If a raid was successful the older men might give a horse to a boy who accompanied them. Through this on-the-job training boys learned the arts of war.

FREQUENCY OF HORSE RAIDS

All evidence from the literature and informants indicates that the horse raid was by far the most common type of Blackfoot war expedition. Father De Smet claimed the Blackfoot made 20 horse raids against the Flathead alone in the year preceding February 1842 (De Smet, 1905, vol. 1, p. 363). There may have been years in which the three Blackfoot tribes sent out more than 50 horse-raiding parties. As a rule horse raids were less common during the cold, snowy, winter months. However, Weasel Tail said he used to prefer raiding in winter. If the attack on an enemy camp was made before or during a snow storm the tracks of the fleeing raiders would become covered, making it impossible for them to be closely followed by the enemy.

Participation in these raids differed markedly on the part of individuals. Some young men never joined them. Others made repeated raids. Of my elderly, fullblood, male informants there was none who had not been on several raids, but only one, Weasel Tail, known as a youth of poor family, participated in more than a dozen horse raids. In the generation of the fathers of my elderly informants his record would not have been remarkable. The late White Quiver, of Weasel Tail's own generation, was regarded by my informants as the most active and successful horse raider of whom they had knowledge. White Quiver was the Blackfoot horse thief par excellence.

WHITE QUIVER, THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BLACKFOOT HORSE RAIDER

In 1921 Superintendent Campbell of the Blackfeet Reservation, Mont., wrote, "White Quiver was formerly considered the most successful horse thief among all these Indians" (Campbell, MS., 1921). Not only did my Piegan informants unanimously endorse this statement, but all elderly Blood Indians questioned on the point said their tribe possessed no member whose record as a horse raider compared with that of White Quiver, the Piegan. (See pl. 11, *b*.)

White Quiver, of the Bugs Band, was born about the year 1858. When he was a small boy his father, Trails War Bonnet, was killed by

[See category 701, p. 358-J--Analyst]

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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FIGURE 32.—Construction and use of a child's hobbyhorse, Blackfoot.

Lazy Boy said that by the time Blackfoot boys were 10 or more years of age they abandoned play with toy horses for the more serious and responsible activity of tending their families' horse herds. Girls also had little time for such play after they were called upon to help their mothers with household chores. 883

At the Heart Butte Sun Dance encampment on the Blackfeet Reservation, Mont., in the summer of 1944, I watched three small boys, aged about 10 years, playing at bull dozing and calf roping in imitation of these modern rodeo events. In the game of calf roping one boy played the part of the calf, another the horse, and the third the rider. The horse carried the rider after the "calf." When the rider roped the "calf" he jumped off and bound the "calf's" hands and feet together with a small rope (pl. 12, *b*). In the game of bull dozing the rider attempted to grab the "steer" around the neck and shoulders and wrestle him to the ground. Such play is of recent origin, of course. However, in spirit it is akin to the "horse play" of Blackfoot children in buffalo days. 857

HORSE RACING

David Thompson wrote of the Piegan ca. 1800, "They have also sometimes horse racing, but not in the regular manner; but bets between individuals in running down animals, as the Red and Jumping Deer, or the killing of so many Cow Bisons at a single race" (Thompson, 1916, p. 359). It is possible Thompson had not been in Blackfoot encampments in late summer, the traditional horse racing 541 [525]

A [See category 857, p. 358-K--Analyst]

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
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535 lasting until daybreak. Sometimes people are invited to attend the dance,
272 and at others they simply come together of their own accord.
[533] There are special songs for the dance and drums are used. The dancers
[534] rise and dance in place, beating time on a dipper of tea while dancing.

The Night Singers.

533 It is an old custom among the Blackfoot for parties of young people to
883 ride about the camp at night, singing. That this is a distinct thing is evident
[492] since there is a distinct series of songs used only on such occasions. At such times they often ride double, that is two men on a single horse, or often a man and a woman. Mr. Duvall writes as follows:—

[625] These young men sometimes ride around all night and sing. Formerly, it was done to guard the camp and protect the horses from being stolen by the enemy. The singers usually go around the outer edge of the camp, making many rounds. There are usually three or four groups with three or four men in each group. Sometimes women assist the night singers.

The night singers do not necessarily have to belong to any society but anyone
[834] may join them. This custom is kept up nowadays only during the sun dance. It is not understood as good form for the women or girls to go out with the night singers. Although a great many of the grass dance songs are sung, there are special songs also. The singing is usually continued until daylight. At the end of each song they usually shout and keep time with sleigh bells when singing. They are never ordered to sing at the present time.

The Begging Dance.

535 The Piegan name for this dance is "those that dance around camp for a
276 smoke." The members do not belong to a society, but a number of men,
[533] six or twelve, or sometimes more, go to some tipi and sing and shake their
[534] bells. This may be done at any time of the night. The owner of the tipi
[431] fills a pipe and lets them smoke, gives them some food, a blanket, clothing, a horse, or money. The presents are divided up among the men. The owner of the tipi seldom knows who the men are. They repeat this at four tipis and then disband. Several groups of these men may go around at the
[556] same time, but they never stop at the same tipi. Usually, the men stop at the tipi of a chief or head man as they are more sure of getting a smoke, for it adds to one's prestige to be generous with presents, feasts, etc.

[pp 461-986 not processed]

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Lighter's Staff, and the Blackfoot Rider's Staff. 852
[George only painted for some of these Bundles.] 778
In one day I took four Medicine hats. My face 425
was painted and wiped and then repainted again, [302]
four times, as I went through four ceremonies in one day. [He means that when he was young, four different Medicine headdresses were transferred to him in one day. Thus, his parents spoiled [855]
their only child in a socially acceptable way.]

My father's name was Dog Child. My mother's name was The Only Handsome Woman; her other name was Catching Another Horse, but she was never called by that name. She was one of three sisters, and her mother said she was the only handsome woman. So that became her name. My father's name used to be Singing Amongst, but he changed that. My name was given to me from the war deeds of my uncle, Striped Wolf. He was the first one to ride a horse taken from the enemy. So I got the name First Rider. I didn't have the same name with my father. [Most of our People today carry the names of former relatives as their inherited family names. But they also have one or more personal, Indian names by which they are referred to in the Blackfoot language.] 551 553 159 159

I was born with long hair. My mother used 856
Indian perfume—boiled cedar needles—to wet [302]
my hair. That is why I got long hair.

I must have been about five years old when I [824]
was able to go riding on my own. 159

When I was a little boy I was taken to the [857]
Holy Lodge. I had two grandmothers [older female [852]
relatives, not necessarily biological grandmothers]. [602]
They each one gave me a Sun Dance necklace, my childhood property. I must have been eight [431]
years old when a horned Medicine headdress was given to me.

When I was thirteen years old I started riding 883
racehorses. I was sixteen years old when I started 526
to learn bronc riding. But soon my father made 159
me quit. He said, "There is no future in it. It is [829]
the white man's life. An Indian will compete in a

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rodeo but he will never be given the prize money."

One day a priest came to our place. He told my father, "Your son is a big boy now. He should go to school." My father told the priest, "I love my son. He is not going to school. If I put my son in school, the white men will teach him bad habits. They will teach him to drink whiskey and to steal and to cheat a person and how to gossip about people." The priest told my father, "In the future, people will all talk English and your son will be the only one that will not speak English." My father told the priest, "Our Indian life is not going to be extinct just yet. I am still standing on my Indian life, so my son will not be educated in the school." So that is why I didn't go to school.

I was a farmer. I had all the farm implements —a seeder, a plow, a binder, a cultivator, and a harrow. I didn't borrow these things because I knew the People didn't like me and wouldn't lend me anything. I bought what I needed. I had seven big wagons, two democrats [light wagons with seats], and a lot of workhorses.

Then a bad habit came to me. I started drinking. My life was lonely. I stole a lot of things. I broke into a store and I stole tobacco and forty bottles of lemon extract [a popular and cheap substitute for liquor]. I stole and sold more than five hundred horses. I stole horses from the Blackfoot Reserve, from the North Piegan Reserve, and from the Blood Indians. The horses I didn't sell I slaughtered, and sold their skins. I would slip a rope around the horse's neck, then put a half-hitch around the nose over the nostrils and finally wrap the end of the same rope around the horse's hind legs. As the horse kicked, the rope tightened around its nose, and it suffocated itself. A suffocated horse stiffens up quickly. I skinned the horse and sold the hide for money to spend on liquor.

I sold stolen cattle and wheat. Stealing wheat, that was easy. I simply backed my wagon up to

discuss the situation. A large party like ours always has men who are either too old or too young and are liable to tire and get in the way of the good men. The ground around the fort was very muddy and travelling was most tiresome work, so our leader ordered most of the men to return home; some were old, some were young, including myself. But I and two others made up our minds not to leave and said so. The Chief at first explained that none could remain but the strongest and most experienced. Finding persuasion useless, he abused us and called us all sorts of nasty names for our disobedience. We did not mind the abuse, so we stuck with them and followed wherever they went. The culling out had cut us down to only three brush lodges. 726 159 [626]

We three boys were punished in many ways for not doing as we were told. A buffalo was killed and we were forced to pack nearly the whole carcass. We were continually carrying water to the men and whenever they could catch one of us sitting down, they would find some errand to keep us busy. But we took all in silence and remained. 726 159 883 [627]

A rocky place on a hill was fixed up as a fort in case we should be pressed to retreat. Early next morning some of the men on watch on the hill saw a great crowd of Crow Indians coming straight towards our camp. Of course they thought that we were discovered, but it soon turned out that it was only a buffalo hunt, for one of them chased an animal and killed it. Their reason for hunting so early was that the muddy ground in the morning was stiffened with frost when the buffalo could be more easily chased than later in the day when the heat of the Sun thawed the ground. All during their hunt, we three boys were kept in a hole and were told all sorts of lies about what was going on. When the Crows had gone out of sight, our men descended to our brush camp and prepared for action by painting themselves. We boys were told to paint our faces and to take horses and go off by our- [627]

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selves. No men would accompany us. No one had a pleasant word for us, nothing but insults. We simply sat in perfect silence and acted as if we heard nothing.

We all approached the Crow village and found that it was a large one stretching far up the river and down, so we went into cover waiting for night to come. We watched the playful crowds of young People outside their lodges. As the Sun began to sink they transferred their merriment inside.

At last the welcome darkness enveloped the scene and our time for action had arrived. One Spot told a tall man of our party to go with a scout and very cautiously enter the camp before the others. One Spot pitied him because he was poor and wanted him to be successful. The tall person went as he was told and came back in a short time with three horses. The chief sent him to the fort with his animals. The rest of the party were now told to scatter and each to act according to his judgment. Our leader said, "There are the horses before you and their owners asleep." Away we all went, some up the river, others down, and in a little while the village of the slumbering Crows was being approached from all directions.

Another boy and I went up-stream toward a group of lodges. We were crawling along through the grass and bushes, close to the lodges, when we heard something behind us. It was my companion's older brother, called High Sun. He offered to stay with us and lead us. He led us closer to the lodges where we could see the horses in their corral. We waited a long while, then he returned and gave us a spear which he had captured. We could not see it plainly but by feeling it we could tell that it was richly ornamented and a valuable trophy. He went back and returned with a big grey horse.

Satisfied with his take, he told us to leave and return with him to our retreat. But my friend and I told him that he had got all he wished for and we had nothing. We said we were going to

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get at least some small article for each of us before we went home. High Sun exchanged his rifle for his young brother's bow and arrows and parted. We returned and took the same path between the lodges that High Sun had. The corral was full of horses, and my companion wanted to go in and take some. But I had noticed shields and other articles hanging on the usual tripods near some of the lodges and I preferred them to horses. Like fools, we stood there and argued in whispers about it. Finally we parted, I to the tripods and he to the horses. At the first lodge I took from a high tripod a shield and some bags of Indian goods. In front of this lodge was a horse which I untied and led away. Leaning against another lodge was a tripod also supporting a shield and some bags. It was not an easy task to remove these articles as the others. Leaning, as they were, right against the lodge, the least sound or clumsy movement would awaken the inmates. But I was cautious and not in a hurry, so made no noise.

I spread my robe upon the horse's back and tied each pair of bags together and slung them over the horse; the two shields I put on my back with their straps around my neck. I discovered another horse tied near a lodge, untied it and led both horses away from the camp. I was obliged to go very slow, for all the stuff I had was covered with bells and would make an uproar at the least quick movement of the horse. I went near to the corral and found that my friend had gone. After slowly walking the horses out of the earshot of their late owners, I mounted the one with the bags and directed his steps toward our fort, leading the other.

All was well until I had reached quite a distance from the Crow lodges. The horse I was riding became impatient to return home, and when he found that I would not allow it, he began to pound and dance up and down. The bells all made a row and the two shields on my back rattled together so loud that the horse became more unmanageable each moment until finally, down went his head and I was bucked off. I did

not let go of the bridle but the animal I was leading got away when I fell, galloping back home at his top speed. I led my horse far out on the prairie, until I grew tired of walking and again ventured on his back. Fortunately, he had recovered from his uneasiness and gave me no more trouble. As day broke, I saw for the first time that my horse was a fine buckskin. When I neared the fort, my stud again began to dance, and in that style I went in, the horse prancing sideways, showing first one side then the other, my goods with many bells jingling in time to the horse's movements. When I saw the black looks of envy upon the faces of the warriors observing my return, I felt amply revenged for all their insults.

I tied up my horse and unloaded my captures. The men all came around as I turned out the contents of the bags. Everyone admired the number and quality of my trophies. In one pair of the bags was a man's suit complete, shirt, leggings, all of the very finest of an Indian chief's ornamented clothing. Those bags contained much more than we Bloods put in our bags. The Crows seemed to keep all of their finery in their bags, even beads and women's trinkets. I was soon plied with many requests for this article and that. Most of the things I gave them, reserving for myself the shields and some of the best things from the bags. One of the shields was a beauty. It was fringed with eagle tail feathers and red cloth. On the front a mountain lion was painted and there was a bullet hole through it, blood all over the inside. The strap was a band made by doubling the whole deerskin over and over.

When I asked about the fortune of my companions, I learned that only a few of them had been successful. The Crow horses were too securely corralled and only a few of our oldest men were able to take some. The spear taken by High Sun was one of the best I have ever seen. The handle was covered with buckskin and decorated with crows' feathers. A stuffed crow's head was tied to it; the owner tied it in his hair before going to war.

[p. 248-B]

Bears, owner of the Beaver Medicine Roll, to join us in it, and pray for our success and safe return. He was very glad to do that, and, after we left for the south, he mounted a horse, near going down of Sun of every day, and rode all through the camp, shouting the name of each member of our party, and calling upon the People to pray for us. That in itself is a powerful aid to a war party. It sustains them, gives them courage. Each evening, the warriors think and say to one another: "Right now, our Sun priest is riding about in camp, praying for us, asking the People to pray for us. It is good, it is powerful. We must deserve their prayers." 782 726

Many youths wanted to go with us, to wait upon us, and so learn the ways of the warrior. I selected one of them, a good hunter, a good shot, a youth named Wolf Plume. He carried my Thunder Medicine Pipe, my shield and my ropes. [Atsitsina thinks that instead of a Thunder Medicine Pipe, specific to our Sacred Bundles, his father was carrying a small war-pipe.] When we made camp, and I went off by myself to rest, to sleep, and try to obtain a vision of that which was ahead of us, he brought me food, water, coals for my pipe, made me comfortable. 702 883 [787]

We started out on foot, travelled only in the night-time. We crossed Bear River [Marias River] straight down from Sacred Red Rock, before which we stopped to give it a few presents, and ask it to pity us, to aid us in that which we had set out to do. We crossed Milk River [Teton River] just below the butte for which our far-back fathers named it the Breasts [because of their appearance] and, just below the mouth of Point-of-Rocks River [Sun River], crossed Big River [Missouri River]. Yes, right where now stands that town of many houses [Great Falls], there we stopped that early morning, to rest and sleep until night should come again. Our shelter was a small grove of cottonwoods and willows along the river-bank. We had no meat, and were very hungry that morning. On the plain, well out 726 [782] [778]

party of them had ambushed a number of our [726]
hunters out after buffalo, on Yellow River. We wondered if they were happy; contented. Black Elk said that they probably had become Crows in all but their blood. Had we not in our tribe Crow [727]
women, Snake women, Kutenai women, Cree women, and women of the West-Side tribes, whom our warriors had captured, and with their children, plenty of food, good clothes, were they not happy? Yes. They even said, many of them, that they would rather die than return to their own kind. And there was Painted Wing's woman, Pine Tree Woman; she went with him to war against her own People, the West-Side, River People.

Said my younger helper, Wolf Plume: "I am [883]
so poor that none of the girls of our tribe will so much as look at me, so I will try to capture one of the girls down there. It is said that the Crow girls are very beautiful."

"You will make no attempt of that kind this night. You are to stand in that point of timber there below the camp, and take care of the horses that we bring to you," I told him.

"You know that I was but making nothing-talk," he answered.

Sun was not far above the mountains when the Crow hunters came riding back up the valley, their women trailing after them with their travois horses and packhorses drawing and carrying big loads of meat and hides. Again the men were singing happily; their women, too. I watched my spotted horse and its rider. The man was short and slender. The horse seemed not to be tired, for [825]
now and then he pranced, trotted sideways.

I said to my companions: "See my beautiful spotted horse. See him prance. He is not tired, he, my spotted horse."

"But after being used all day, and tied again for the night, he will have little strength to make the long, fast run we will have to make," said one.

"Ah! But the rider is going to let him graze [789]
until night," I answered.

walked alongside the riders. East of Magrath we made camp in a grove of willows and Calf Robe rustled up a two-year-old heifer for us to eat. We spent the day making dried meat over a small fire in the bush. 726

Calf Robe and I were sent up on a hill as scouts during that day, and we soon spotted a lone rider coming our way. He looked to us like a scout, so we went down to distract him from finding our camp. We told him that we were hunting antelope and had just seen a couple in a direction away from our camp. Since nobody in his right mind would walk so far out on the prairie—on foot!—to hunt antelope, the scout knew what we were up to. He said, "I hope you have a good warpath. Myself, I will go and see about those antelope." We hurried back down to our party and all packed up and headed east, in case the scout came back with Mounted Policemen. The next morning we did not stop until daylight.

Our second camp was made in the brushy part of a small coulee. Crazy Crow was the youngest member of our group. He was little more than a boy, so he was asked to go and rustle up some water. But he was afraid to go off by himself, so I volunteered to go. Crazy Crow had acted foolishly on the whole warpath, and we were all sorry that he had come with us. I found some water in a little slough and carried it back in a water bag that we had made by peeling the tripe from inside the stomach of the two-year-old heifer, leaving the outside part as the water bag. None of us overdid our drinking of that slough water from the stomach bag! [883] [915] [237]

The next night we traveled all night through rain and dampness. We went by the place where Bad Head was killed and we got as far as Writing-on-Stone by the next morning. We sent Prairie Chicken Old Man to scout around for police. They watched that place because they knew that any war parties in the area would go by that sacred stone to pray and leave offerings. Since no police were in the area we made our camp by the [778] [782] [777]

large party of Gros Ventres, who commenced 657
shooting at them . . . they firing in return, saw 721
some of the enemy drop; they continued to retreat, and noticing two Indians in the trail in front of them, they pursued them and killed one of them. . . . They however, arrived on the Blood Reserve with five of the stolen horses and one stray horse. . . . Owners for these horses have not yet been found. . . . They are at present running with our herd here.

CRAZY CROW'S STORY

In conclusion to the story of the last real war 127
party, let's hear Crazy Crow's version as told in a 212
letter to Mrs. Walters by his daughter, Mrs. Ethel Tailfeathers. The letter accompanied Crazy [439]
Crow's yellow feather mascot, which was sold to Mrs. Walters upon Crazy Crow's death in the 1930s.

I was only 16 when I went on my first war- 883
path. My father was not very keen on my going so 721
young. He would say, "Son, there is plenty of time for you." But my spirit of adventure was too strong. I would not listen. So my father invited [887]
one of the very old timers of the camp to come [726]
and pray, paint, advise and impart his blessing on [726]
me. He sang the war song as he was tying the [789]
eagle feathers and dipped them in his yellow war [237]
paint and tied them on my head; all the while [237]
praying that the mascot on my hair would keep [533]
me from all harm of the enemy and bring me [533]
success in raids among other tribes. [301]

When we go out to raid we do not set out to kill, but to raid and only kill in self defense. We put on our best regalia so that if we get killed, the enemy will have something worthwhile. I went with an older friend [Calf Robe]; he would look after me as he had experience. I rode on a gray horse and the enemy was on a pinto. I especially wanted a pinto as a pinto is dear to the heart of an Indian. It was worth risking a life to secure

one. We pursued the enemy and shot him in fair fight at close quarters. He fell off when he was wounded. I jumped off my horse and ran to him, killing him and scalping him. We halved the scalp and that is why it is rather thin. I took the pinto and we started for home. We got home safely without the enemy taking after us. When we got home my father told me, "Son, give that pinto to the old man who gave you his blessing. It is due to the mascot that you have been able to get that pinto." I gave him the pinto but was very sad for I wanted the pinto for myself. But my father comforted me and said, "Son, never mind. The pinto is just going to be one of many horses you will bring home," and he was right.

These were his own words.—ETHEL TAIL-FEATHERS.

THE DUNCAN SHADE GANG

Our Old People continued to prove their bravery and skill by going on horse raids well into the present century. Some went for adventure, others went for personal or material gain. But most mature men around the turn of the century did it simply for sport at least once.

For some years there was a loosely organized group of horse raiders who went mostly to the east to raid the white ranchers in the prairie country near the Cypress Hills. Sometimes they raided nearby Crees and sometimes they went across the line and raided ranchers in the States. They often gave away their captured horses to relatives, or sold them on the black market; they seldom kept the horses for themselves. The recognized leader of this "gang" was a man named Duncan Shade, better known as Dog-in-the-Shade. Among his regular followers were Stephen Fox and his brother, Crazy Crow, Hungry Crow, Percy Creighton, Shot-on-Both-Sides, Black Rabbit, and Charley Goodrider.

Because of their generosity, their practice of an old tradition, and the fact that they never be-

25: Ewers E,G-5 (1941-1951) 1963 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

BLACKFOOT INDIAN PIPES AND PIPEMAKING

By John C. Ewers

INTRODUCTION

The smoking of tobacco pipes played roles of importance in the religious, political, and social life of the historic Blackfoot Indians. Pipe smoking was an integral part of the involved ritual of opening sacred ceremonial bundles. It was an invariable part of the act of making peace with enemy tribes. In the early years of the fur trade Blackfoot chiefs smoked with white traders when they visited their posts before the exchange of goods began. An Indian whose word was doubted might solemnly swear by the pipe that his testimony was true. It was a common custom for a man seeking a favor of another Indian of his tribe to present him with a pipe at the time of making his request. If the pipe was accepted, he knew that his request would be acted upon favorably; if it was refused, he knew that it was denied.

Blackfoot etiquette called for the tipi owner to offer a pipe to male visitors to his lodge. However, my older informants of the 1940's stated that in their youth there were marked individual differences in the interest men took in smoking for pleasure. Some men rarely smoked except during their participation in ceremonies. Others spent a great deal of their leisure time puffing on their pipes. Most boys started to smoke when they reached their middle teens and began to join war parties. No ceremony was involved in a boy's taking his first smoke. He merely followed the actions he had so often seen his elders perform.

Strong arguments were used to discourage young men from smoking too much, as are indicated by the following Blackfoot sayings:

> A young man who smokes too much has no wind.
> If you smoke too much it will hurt your eyes.
> The man who likes to smoke too much is the man who will draw the enemy when he is on a war party. The enemy will smell the smoke and be attracted to his location. Wild game will smell the smoke and will avoid the place where he is.

Girls did not smoke. But young married women learned to smoke when they attended ceremonies with their husbands. Older women usually were the only ones of their sex who smoked for pleasure.

33: Bradley G-3 (1871-1877) 1923
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

836 But while the faithless wife was thus exposed to punish-
589 ment and obloquy, it was different with the unmarried woman. She was regarded as mistress of her own actions and no shame attached to her for unchastity. Many young women in every village carried on a business of common prostitutes without suffering any loss of standing. On the contrary, they were received everywhere on terms of social equality, and often subsequently became faithful wives.
837 A similar immunity from punishment or popular censure was enjoyed by the wife whose lewdness was with the consent of or by the direction of her husband. Such cases were not infrequent, sometimes from a desire for gain, again as a point of hospitality to a favored guest, particularly when the host, as was very common with the Blackfeet, enjoyed a plurality of wives.

INTRODUCTION OF THE YOUNG MAN AS A WARRIOR

701 Usually about the age of sixteen the young man is re-
702 garded as a warrior. He reaches this dignity by no ceremony, but it is tacitly admitted by virute of his strength, hardihood and ability and readiness to meet the foe in
[756] combat. When he first determines to seek the war path, his father usually procures the services of a medicine man, who paints him with mystic devices and mutters over him an invocation for courage, success in war, and a safe return, after which his father presents him with weapons
[729] and if able, a horse, and he is ready for the field. As a
[555] rule, the young men are very ambitious to distinguish themselves in war and seek every opportunity to win the
● [883] honor that war-like deeds can alone secure. Not infrequently, however, they are great drones, lounging in the village, participating neither in the war nor the chase until they take wives, when perforce they must exert themselves to live.

AGE OF MARRIAGE

584 About the age of twenty-five the young warrior begins to
[582] think of having a wife. Having selected the woman he
[583] would thus honor, he loses no time in employing the civilized device of a tedious and uncertain courtship, but

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

and skidded to a halt on a bluff about a hundred feet above the wooded creek bottom. The deer had gone into the trees below, and while Jimmy jacked a cartridge into the chamber of the old Marlin .38/40, I, half gassed and with eyes as blank as Orphan Annie's, skidded down the embankment in an attempt to flush the deer up the far side. It was a long-shot chance and it didn't pan out, and after several minutes Jimmy called to me to come on up. The deer had cut back and followed the creek bottom for about half a mile before climbing out on the opposite bank. We could see them making for the wooded ridge behind the Many Hides place. 122

The Chief laughed loudly when Jim and I described our Laurel-and-Hardy attempt to slay the wily deer, and the situation induced him into a story-telling mood. First he added to the hilarity by telling about his first buffalo hunt.

THE FIRST BUFFALO HUNT

When we were kids, when we were starting to get into our early teens, we would tag along on the buffalo hunts to watch the men kill buffalo. One time my partner, Night Shoot, and I, riding double on Night Shoot's old iron gray horse, went along on a buffalo hunt and roped a buffalo calf. We made a loop in the end of the rawhide rope we were using for a bridle and we roped the calf with the loop, but almost as soon as we roped the calf he pulled the rope away from us and so he was running wild leading our horse on the end of the rope. 883 224

Men were chasing bunches of buffalo all over the place, and the calf kept trying to get into the middle of a herd, and I was so scared I was crying. I told Night Shoot to jump off and save himself, but he said that he would stick with me—even though he was as scared as I.

Pretty soon a bunch of buffalo came over the hill being chased by several men. Among the men was Woman's Moccasin, who had already killed his buffalo. He rode up to us, and we pleaded for him to help us, but he refused. He said that we wouldn't eat all that day and night and all the next day, and that sooner or later the calf would lead us into the center of the herd where we would surely be killed. He was only teasing us, but we didn't know this and we begged him for help. "If you love your father and mother and brothers and sisters, help us!" we said, but still Woman's Moccasin refused.

"You boys are crazy for roping that calf," he said. "Sooner or

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

883 224 later you are going to get into the middle of the herd and be killed for sure."

Later on, Woman's Moccasin stopped the calf by hitting it in the head with a stone, and we were so grateful for being saved that we kissed him. We begged him not to tell on us, but he did. He told the whole camp, and the people sure did laugh at Night Shoot and me.

This experience cured Night Shoot and me of roping buffalo calves, but a couple of years later we got our first real buffalo. We got hold of an old flintlock rifle and joined a buffalo chase. We didn't get any buffalo on the chase, but we managed to sneak up on some that were on a pine hill. We killed three of them.

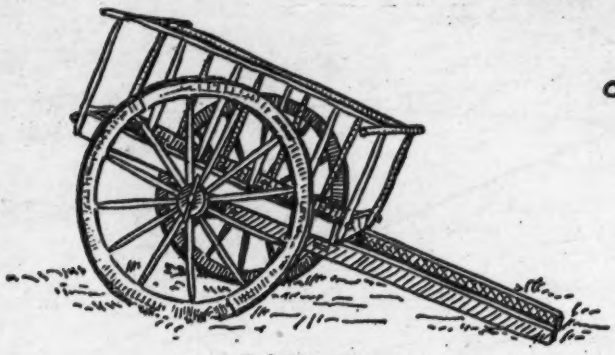
726 Next he told a story which convinced me once and for all that Indian warfare, even as any other kind of warfare, was not only a tragic waste of human life but was filled with treachery, double-dealing, and the antics of glory boys who were anything but the Noble Warrior.

TRAITOR'S CAVE

539 726 One time, when the Piegans and the Snake Persons [Shoshoni Indians] were at war, a member of a Piegan war party got left behind. Toward evening it began to rain, and the Piegan sought shelter in a cave. It was very dark in the cave, and although the Piegan could not see, he had a feeling that someone else was in the cave with him. Then the Piegan felt a human hand take his [201] hand and press the palms together [a sign of friendship], so the Piegan accepted the sign and then asked in sign language who the other person was. The other person took the Piegan's [201] hand and made a wiggly line along the palm with his finger [the sign of the Snake Indians, or Shoshonis]; then the Piegan took the Snake Person's hand and made the hand into a fist and moved the fist in a circle next to his cheek [the sign of the Piegan, signifying that they used paint on their cheeks]. The two men were enemies, but they had made a sign of peace and so they spent the night in the cave together as friends.

Early the next morning, the Shoshoni signed to the Piegan that he wished to challenge him to a hand game. The Shoshoni said that he would bet his gun and his scalp against the gun and the scalp of the Piegan. The Piegan agreed, and the two men

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana



Red River Cart

MY FIRST WAR PARTIES

When I was about fourteen years old, I was outside of camp playing around with my bow and arrows when I saw a party of men led by Running Buffalo heading south. I thought that they were just heading down to visit some of our camps further down the river, so I followed them. They were on foot, and every once in a while they would stop and rest; whenever they rested, I would rest too, but I kept a good distance behind them.

Finally when the party stopped for the night I joined them in their camp. One of the men said, "Why did the boy come along! If anything happens to him, his father will make it very hard on us." But finally they decided to let me come along.

We circled down through the Sweetgrass country, but we did not have any luck. We went back home without getting any horses or meeting with any enemies.

When we got back home, my father asked me where I had been and I told him that I had followed a party which I thought was on the way down to visit some of our own camps. My father said that the party I had followed was a war party and that I was very fortunate not to have run into any enemies.

It is extremely doubtful that the Chief did not have a full awareness from the very beginning that he was following a war party; probably he had overheard the plans for the war party and had been all prepared to follow along. The reason that he will not admit, even today, that he knew what he was doing derives from the tra-

883 721 ditional ritual which attended a Blackfoot boy's going on h[illegible] war party. The ritual (which is very similar to the co ming-[illegible] routine which contemporary fathers and sons usually go through) was roughly as follows:

(1) The boy would ask permission of his parents to go on a war party, knowing full well that the parents would withhold their consent.

(2) The parents would invariably forbid the boy to go to war, expecting that the boy would go anyway (if he did not go, the suggestion was that he had not as yet attained sufficient manhood to make his own decisions).

(3) When the boy returned from his first war party, he would explain to his parents that the whole thing had been a misunderstanding and that he had too much respect for them to intentionally disobey their wishes.

(4) The parents were now proud as hell of their warrior son.

In other words, everybody was lying like hell and everybody knew it and everybody knew that everybody knew it.

The Chief continued:

159 721 My first real war party took place a few years later. Tripod was the leader. We started from the Blood camp on Belly River, over in Canada. We were all on foot, and we were headed down to steal some horses from the Crows. About half-way between Belly River and where the Gros Ventres are today, there is a short cut across the mountains, and as we were crossing over we saw a rider coming toward us.

Tripod told us all to take cover, so we hid out and watched the rider coming closer. When the rider came to where we were, Tripod saw that he was a Gros Ventre, so he shot him. The Gros Ventre was knocked from his horse, and the horse bolted and ran so that we never did catch him.

The Gros Ventre was only wounded, and he jumped immediately to his feet. Tripod ran out of the brush, and after quite a fight he finally killed the Gros Ventre. After that we did not go on down to the Crow country. We turned around and went back to Belly River, making the entire journey on foot.

The first war party during which I captured any horses took place when I was about twenty years old. At that time we were camped south of the Milk River, and from there Heavy Breast

175 883 The young men of this early period were people removed from the everyday cares of trading and counselling. The active outdoor life seems their lot and their preference. They chose to spend their time swimming their horses and riding and walking about the white man's enclosure; unconcerned and proud. Excepting for the contemporary compulsive modesty of the modern Blood, this pattern of behavior seems to closely represent the ideal of the young today. This unconcern for the more serious aspects of trading manifests itself today in the modern young Blood's preferences for the outdoor active occupations, the occupations with minimal investment and time requirements, and for practical cash rewards. Thus, again the modern values seem to rest upon earlier foundations. Yesterday, as today, life had its serious aspects.

178 [461]

175 We could plainly discern the young men driving whole herds [of buffalo] from different directions, until these came within scent of the smoke when they dispersed.[33]

[721] [648] Painted Feather's band, including thirty-three principal men arrived; there are no young men with them, for those have all been to war since the middle of last month toward the Rocky Mountains, in search of Snake Indians, and are expected to return soon.[34]

578 175 A band of Blackfeet arrived, loaded with fresh buffalo meat. They informed us of a quarrel between Painted Feather's band and the Cold band, caused by a woman who had been debauched from the latter; the young men belonging to the former went for her; a dispute rose, four of the party were wounded, and the woman shot in the leg. This affair has caused the Cold band to separate from the others.[35]

N5 N8 181 from Blackfoot community life and became subject to harassment and theft based upon his exclusion from the community reference group and because of the avaricious Blood drive toward socio-economic recognition and personal achievement. Henry, as a trader, noted that the younger men were not party to the formal acquisitive aspects of trade, but rather pursuing the active masculine tasks of hunting and war and [883] relaxing in games of horsemanship. In this manner he adds substance to the indications given by Thompson about concerns over appearance, activism, pride and practicality, and to the over-view of the young men of the Blood-Blackfoot people of 1800 being actively absent from the serious adult concerns of the day. Rather, as warrior and hunter, he is tangentially attached to the on-going prestige system by threads of pride, recognition, masculinity, and practicality.

Thus both men report on what might be called the historical baseline of the contemporary interests. Although it is impossible to reach beyond the early 19th century, except for ethnological speculations, it is strikingly clear that Blood patterns of thought and association have persisted through time. From this baseline, then, we may turn to the more recent past, the final years of the independent Plains Indian culture, and discuss the possible modifications and alterations of these early interests as they were affected

461 it is better to be successful at some things, the generally
181 valued, than it is to be successful at other things, the specifically valued. The young Blood tend to value things for their intrinsic qualities as well as for their practical attributes in terms of success or worth. What one does is important not only because of the relationship between certain occupations and success, but because of the intrinsic qualities of some occupations. Many occupations are engaged in on the Reserve, and these tend to be the "good" occupations. Among these occupations there are those that are seen to have qualities that are self evidently desirable. It is this latter group that are the ones most frequently judges "generally good." This is a clear demonstration of the immediacy of the young Blood's success strivings and instrumental values. How the individual reaches success is as relevant to the outcome as the outcome itself. This is most aptly demonstrated in the ambivalent valuation of Boxing and Office Worker. The response to these activities is divided on the basis of the two criteria: practical success and how to attain it.

175 There is much evidence of similar valuation in the
[178] data from the past. Both practical and non-practical values appear to operate in the events chronicled by Thompson,
[883] Henry, and Schultz. One of the best indications is in

175 Henry's account of the behavior of the young men.[A] First,
883 he notes, that the main economic dealings are with the elders, the "principal men." With the young men they have few contacts. The young men, on the other hand, appear to have little regard for the traders. They have great diversion swimming their horses, they stride about the trader's fort nude and egoistically oblivious of the white men. They are noticeable by their absence when they have gone to war and they actively and aggressively take matters into their own hands when a woman is "debauched" from one band by another. One may easily infer playful, physiological, and egoistic values from Henry's narrative.

Thompson, too, adds to the inference. The vanity, the physical training, the directions of their passions and concerns all seem to indicate the relevance of non-practical goals to early Blackfoot life.

175 Turning to Schultz we find ample evidence in late
181 nineteenth century life. One important anecdote is the story of the tippling thief.[B] His actions while drinking are mischievous; when caught he engages his wives in a footrace, and the whole episode is cast in a humorous light. Another obvious example is the buffalo hunting tale.[C] "What happiness this running and killing buffalo!" Schultz' companion is quoted as saying.[5] These examples, and I might add,

A, [See Category 175, pp. 153-154--Analyst]
B, [See Category 273, pp. 162-163--Analyst]
C, [See Category 554, p. 171--Analyst]